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# *Artists and Models*

*Magazine*



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THE ORIGINAL

*AUGUST*  
*1925*

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## A Frank Statement Concerning Our AIMS and PURPOSES

—The Original Artists and Models Magazine—

THE Editor wishes to emphasize the fact that this, the first and original ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE, is a purely artistic magazine, designed to reach the great American public of art enthusiasts.

Our aim is to carry the message and love of art into the minds and hearts of the great American public. The American is as artistically inclined as a man of any other nationality. We have just as much beauty and music and art appreciation in our souls as any other people. The mere fact that Americans are especially apt at making money is no reason for our being called purely materialists.

Of course, we have heard that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but at that, who wants flattery in any of its stages, and who respects and admires a flatterer? or an imitator? That there are many "flatterers" of our ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE, we, and the public too, are aware.

We believe that the highest expression of beauty lies with ART. Some misinformed persons, generally those whose chosen profession is "reforming," see lewdness, lasciviousness, indecency, and immorality in the nude human form. To them we too may say, "To the pure, all things are pure." It is what the mind wishes to see, that the eyes, the windows of your soul, discover. If you interpret what you see to be evil, and I interpret what I see to be beautiful, why is that difference possible? The man who wants everything covered up, he who casts the first stone and he who shouts first that the work of our Creator is unclean and indecent, should turn to his Bible and read what the Lord saith concerning "Him who is without sin."

These people read into pictures thoughts which never entered the artist's mind. Because, when they see a beautiful rendition of the nude their minds fill up with obscene imaginings, salacious thoughts surge within them, and lustful desires consume what there is left of their souls. They believe that we, too, have distorted sensibilities, and perverted minds, and they feel that they are God's anointed who must see to it that we, and not they themselves, are made pure; purged of lustful desires.

The *raison d'être* of ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE is to bring the Art and Beauty of the Galleries and Museums before the art enthusiasts of this great country. Many of us will never be able to go to the Louvre, some of us will never see the beauties of the Cochrane Gallery or of the Metropolitan Museum. For those who will be unable to visit these galleries, we publish ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE, a magazine alone in its field; a publication for all art lovers and art enthusiasts. Radio fans buy radio magazines, music lovers read music publications, and you who are truly interested in the advancement and growth of the artistic in America have ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE for your enjoyment.



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER MODEL IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"



"AVE. BEIRA MAR"

RIO DE JANEIRO

# Artists and Models Magazine

Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1925

No. 6

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## Your Nose Knows

**A**N artist, rather famous, has explained the change in type  
Of the favored U. S. damsel from  
the maiden over-ripe  
To the slim and slinking creature with  
no physique left but arms  
And a twenty-six-inch waist line as the  
chiefest of her charms;  
He declares the artists drew her, and the  
perfect thirty-six,  
Who in her own far heyday had taken  
all the tricks,  
Began to see in day-dreams a lovely  
vision new,  
Of a daughter who should some day be  
a charming thirty-two.

And so we have the hoyden with no con-  
tour, only lines,  
And gazing at the future the mind of  
man resigns  
The problem of predicting what her  
daughter's apt to be,  
Tho he has an awful feeling that her  
number's twenty-three,  
But passing by a group of those now  
labeled thirty-twos,  
With bobbing hair and sweaters and  
loudly painted shoes,  
Our wager is their daughters will find,  
to all intents,  
If known by a number, they'll be down  
as thirty scents.

—Phila. No. American.



HARRIETT FOWLER, ONE OF THE HOFFMAN GIRLS IN "ARTISTS AND MODELS"

# "Artists and Models"

## Graces the Winter Garden

**T**HERE have been three fairly sensational hits scored in the new "Artists and Models" revue at the Winter Garden in New York City.

First, the Messrs. Shubert had craftily inserted between the wriggling exposures of the Mademoiselles Hoffman and the shaded vulgarities of the Messrs. Brennan and Rogers a number entitled "Mothers of the World."

Here in a series of niches backed by the cloistered walls and the soft religious lighting of a cathedral six gentle matrons sang lullabies to their infants, while above them the prima donna, Lloria Hoffman, leading a choir of white-robed angels, bespoke the blessings of heaven upon all the mothers in the world.

Even a Winter Garden audience, than which there is none harder boiled, cheers this unusual scene, refusing to listen to the anecdotes of the promiscuous Margie until the angel lady of the song had taken an extra call.

Second, the Hoffman girls themselves, a wild, rioting, slim-limbed, athletic crew, had romped with great skill and some grace through a variety of novelty numbers that presented them with clothes and without, mostly without, and did the energy and invention of their teacher credit.

To us, it seems that these Hoffman beauties far surpass their fellow artists in this revue. A picture of one of these lovely angels, that delighted the audience, is reproduced in this issue.

This magazine takes an especial interest in the show, because the Shuberts produced the first "Artists and Models" show, while we produced the first and original ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE, having printed the first issue in February, 1925.

Third, young Phil Baker, the most intelligent and usually the least offensive of the minor monologists, working this time with a happy selection as a partner in a stage box, had traded wisecracks that were still fresh to the crowd and sent it off into roars of hearty

laughter. Ripping funny stuff, too.

"I don't like stories. I like riddles." "You do?" "Sure. Riddles and syrup."

"That's terrible! That's a pun!" "I like puns, too." "You do?" "Yep. Puns and coffee." And the walls shimmied if they did not shake.

You know what the Winter Garden girls are like and what their taste is in women's wear. So there is no use in my telling you that they are numerous, undressed and addicted to poetic and abandoned postures and tableaux. Sounds foolish to make the annual guess that this is the most elaborate and the most colorful of the Winter Garden spectacles. It may not be. But so it seems.

There are the Parisian rouge effects that American producers have previously been wise enough to overlook. There are several dramatic sketches, mostly about the wife in the home and the lover at the bedroom door. Or vice versa. Frank stuff, but pointed with sufficient burlesque humor to please the big music hall's following.

There is a wild South Sea island dance, topped by a clever "Poi Ball" by the Hoffmans. There is a novel Rotisserie feature, with human Broadway broilers turned on the spits before the roasters.

In addition to Mr. Baker and Miss Hoffman the principals include Brennan and Rogers, with their curb patter; Billy B. Van, who slips easily back into his coarser burlesque manner; Teddy Claire and the Caits brothers, talented steppers; Walter Woolf, singing the important ballads in excellent voice; Aline MacMahon, reduced to a single song which she reads cleverly; George Rosemer and Herbert Corthell.

\* \* \* \*

*They're all pretty girls and no molly-coddles.*

*Hats off to the Shuberts—to Lee and to Jake;*

*The box office deserves every cent that they take.*

# POEMS

## *Of Love and Sorrow, Life and Death*

### Beauty

**T**HE poet seeks for beauty fair,  
But beauty, how baffling sweet  
and rare:

His search is long where'er he be,  
Gay beauty laughs and turns to flee.

Far in some quiet sequestered glade,  
Where human foot has never trod,  
There beauty with her love doth  
dance,  
Far from the world's unfriendly  
glance.

—ISRAEL OBERFIST.

\* \* \* \*

### Art

**A** SUN that shines for those alone  
Who understand  
It flares—a fire—its flames are  
blown  
To fairyland.

At times 'tis sad, and sometimes gay,  
A laughing Art:

In this New World Old Art doth  
play  
A baffling part.

—ISRAEL OBERFIST.

\* \* \* \*

### Bo Heemie Ann

I love her for her curly locks,  
Her short and piquant artist's smocks,  
And—because she rolls her socks!

Bo Heemie Ann!

I love her for her red, red lips,  
Her dainty, fragile finger-tips,  
And—her slightly spicy quips!

Bo Heemie Ann!

I love her for her turned-up nose,  
Her latest model stream-line clothes,  
And her cheeks, a tint of rose!

Bo Heemie Ann!

I love her for these things and more,  
For all she is—and then some more,  
And then some more . . . and then  
some more!

Bo Heemie Ann!

—Ziffs.

### One Starless Night

It was a starless night,  
With gray mist sifting down,  
When she crept softly through  
The sleeping, peaceful town.  
Though fog was in her throat,  
Her eyes like starlight shone.  
Why sought she the sea cliff  
At night alone?

Heard she the same waves calling?  
They once had loved together?  
Why was her form found floating  
There like a feather?  
Did she think she could plunge  
Down where the seafoam gleams,  
And gather to her breast  
Her once-bright dreams?

—GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS, in  
Brief Stories

\* \* \* \*

### Violets

When I found violets from you, from  
you!

In a florist's paper box outside my  
door,

My throat went tight. I had not cried  
before

This haunted year; but that rich pur-  
ple-blue

Invaded my dull attic, spread and grew  
To pools of royal hue, and more and  
more

Clean tears came, while I rinsed an  
old glass for

That fine, sweet gift.

For now at last I knew  
How gray my window was, how  
golden-gay

It might become. And I have washed  
away

The grime and cobwebs, opened shut-  
ters, made

My room as full of radiance as the glade  
Where we once roamed through  
violets, and bent

Our heads so near that—

Now I am content!

—MARIE DRENNAN, in Brief Stories.

## A Thought

*BEAUTY does not live they say,  
But dies for time devours  
All, as pearly drops of dew  
The sun steals from the flowers.  
The flush of roses too, they say,  
Is evanescent, winged as light,  
The stars, I've heard will dwindle  
And disappear from sight.  
Yet know I well  
Though all the world may crumble  
Fall and rot,  
Time can not take the beauty that  
Lingers in a thought.*

—Anon.

## Backgrounds

By "ZIM"

USE caution in preparing backgrounds for oil painting. A most undesirable ground to paint upon is kalsomine. I tried it once in my embryhood. It was a hurried job which I was bent on completing, in the absence of my employer, in the atmosphere of a bake-shop. He was a man of no particular refinement and not appreciative of talent such as I possessed, nor did he have even a spark of artistic taste.

I had mixed together some dry English vermilion and kerosene oil, also black in a like manner. These pigments the whitewashed surface absorbed as handy as a toper of those days lapped up "red licker." I finished the job, however, and my handiwork withstood the onslaught of art critics for several years. But the experiment proved a glowing protest against such a combination of opposing elements.

We learn by experience many things that are invaluable in after years and this was one of those incidents which taught me that kerosene oil colors and a whitewashed wall are no more suited for close companionship than Heinz' Catsup served on vanilla ice cream.

"How is it that you can make such exact likenesses of co-eds?"

"I have them kiss the canvas and their cosmetics do the rest."

—Missouri Outlaw.



VERA BURNETT, METRO-GOLDWYN

# The Challenge

By Lawrence du Garde

THERE was contributory carelessness on my part, of course—that I am prepared to admit. But if Phyllis had not been such an inquisitive little devil—angel, she would never have found it, and there would have been no fuss. So I am not to blame, though, as usual, I had to suffer. The world is like that.

"It" was a glove—a pretty brown, crumpled leather glove, with fur round the cuffs—a glove with distinction, individuality—personality even. There is no harm in that. But Phyllis found it lying in the bottom of my car, and as usual, leapt immediately to conclusions. In that, Phyllis resembles the world; in a mental gymkhana she would win the long jump every time—except that she usually jumps in the wrong direction.

She turned from me to get into the car with a face like April laughter; she turned back again a second later with a face—the same face, too—like a May thunderstorm, with hail thrown in. I could almost hear it.

"Hullo," I said. "Hurt yourself?"

Instead of replying—in itself a bad sign—Phyllis held out one hand toward me, and I saw, held between a finger and thumb like some loathsome and nauseating thing, the glove.

I gazed at it with that expression of imbecile stupidity with which I usually try—as a rule unsuccessfully—to cover up my minor delinquencies.

"What is it?" I asked.

The face of doom spoke.

"It is a glove," said Phyllis, in a voice like tearing silk—the same voice which not ten seconds before had made the larks silent for very envy. At least, it would have done so if there had been any larks in the garage, but a garage is a poor place for larks.

"No," I said incredulously. "Is it?"

"Of course it is," snapped Phyllis. "And what's more, it's a lady's glove."

"Indeed," I said, peering closer. "Is there anybody in it?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Phyllis. "Whose is it?"

"Ah," I said. "Who knows? *Cherchez la femme.*"

"What?" said Phyllis.

I repeated the remark with improved accent.

"That is precisely what I intend to do," said Phyllis grimly.

I sighed.

"I was afraid you might," I said. "But need you hold it out and waggle it at me like that? It looks like—like——"

With one of those funny sounds not provided for in the alphabet, Phyllis flung the glove on the ground.

I looked down at it with mild disapproval.

"Oh, Phyllis," I said. "You don't mean that, do you?"

"What?" said Phyllis, staring.

"Well, it looks like a challenge."

"It is a challenge," said Phyllis.

Just like a woman, my Phyllis is. Of course she would be suspicious, but that needn't matter, that only proved to me that she still loved me, that she wanted me and only me. As those thoughts were popping into my head, and just as I was about to say, "But, my dear, don't be hasty," when my dear commenced to storm.

\* \* \* \*

I KNEW this was coming. I knew things couldn't go on long.

Mother warned me against you in the very beginning. She told me you would develop into a philanderer, a libertine. Oh, I hate you, I hate you, you cheat, you faithless fool. I knew you weren't working at the office last night; I tried to get you on the phone and couldn't. I thought you'd gone to get something to eat, I pitied you, working there late, struggling with the world to get money, position, power, so that I would feel proud to be your wife, but you low skulking sneak, you were out all that time with another woman. The very thought nearly kills me; I could shoot you for that. To think that you, my husband, the man for whom I gave up everything, should ever hold some other girl close to his heart, to think that someone else's lips have pressed



Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"THAT IS HER GLOVE; THE GLOVE OF THE WOMAN YOU PREFER TO ME"

close to his; to think that someone else has vibrated to your touch. I'm going far away from you, I'm going where I shall never see or hear of you again, you beast. Go back to her, give her this glove, take her, but you can't have me."

She stood there, looking down at the glove. Her dear pretty eyes red with crying. She was jealous, and I loved her, I must be strong, calm, diplomatic. I stooped and picked up the glove.

"Isn't it a good job it didn't fall in that pool of oil?" I said. "She wouldn't have liked that."

Phyllis sniffed.

\* \* \* \*

"AND that is her glove, the glove of the woman whom you prefer to me. The woman you go to see when I believe you're at a directors' meeting until one in the morning. Well, it's just as well I've found it out. It will be hard at first, but I shall learn to forget that I once loved a man who was a scoundrel."

"Please, sweetheart," I said, "don't be so hasty. I am going to give the glove

to the lady it belongs to, and I want you to trust me when I say that I am true to my little wife."

I glanced from the glove to Phyllis's face, but her eyes, which are tenanted as a rule by little laughing imps of mischief, seemed suddenly to have become peep-holes for a whole host of—well, never mind. So I looked back to the glove again.

Then from beneath the rugs at the back I drew out its fellow in a little green envelope.

Yes, of course, the people in the shop were to blame too; it is darned careless to dump a pair of new gloves into an unfastened envelope like that.

Still, I am not really angry with them, because when I looked up again the cloud had passed, and Phyllis's face was all April laughter again. This changeable weather may be trying at times, but there is fascination in it too.

The first and original ARTISTS AND MODELS MAGAZINE appeared from our offices in Wilmington. All others have followed us. Our first issue was the February, 1925, edition.

# Model Takes Poison

Gloria Christy of "Artists and Models"

**L**IGHT brown hair, newly cut in a boyish bob. And a picture hat that didn't fit after that "trim."

Rehearsal for "Artists and Models" and an altercation with a director who told her to stop fussing with her chapeau. An angry exit. A quick gulp of poison.

Pretty Gloria Christy, twenty-one years old, an important member of the cast of Shubert's "Artists and Models," which opened recently in the Winter Garden theatre, New York City, was found unconscious the day following opening night, in her room. She lives at the Hotel Harding, west Fifty-fourth Street, New York.

An empty lysol bottle lying nearby told a tragic tale. She was removed to the City Hospital, Welfare Island.

The young woman who is attractive, with light brown hair, was fully clothed. She had thrown herself on the bed and the bottle was beside her.

Jean English, another member of the cast and an intimate friend of Miss Christy, found her about one o'clock when she came in to tell her good night. Miss English lives on the same floor.

After attempting to revive her friend Miss English summoned Patrolman Anthony B. Ardio of the West Forty-

seventh street station and Dr. Goldberg of City Hospital. They administered first aid treatment and removed the

young woman to City Hospital.

Miss Christy has appeared in all the "Artists and Models" shows, according to Miss English. She came to New York from Toledo, Ohio. Recently she underwent a minor operation, the nature of which is not known.

Miss English said her friend had recovered from the operation and that she could think of nothing that might have prompted her toward suicide. She said Miss Christy had become much vexed at a rehearsal recently when a hat she was to appear on the stage in did not fit satisfactorily.

A photograph showing Miss Christy's boyish bob, appears in this magazine in connection with this article. Miss Christy has posed for several famous artists and is considered one of the most beautiful members of the cast.

"That hat just wouldn't fit properly," Miss Christy wailed, when taken back to the hotel after the danger point was passed.

Neither Miss English, whose picture appears on page 13 of this issue, or Miss Christy, have ever had any trouble, similar to this, before.

But "all's well that ends well."



*De Mirijon Photo*

GLORIA CHRISTY, ARTISTS' MODEL



JEAN ENGLISH, WHO AIDED MISS CHRISTY, THE MODEL



AN INFORMAL PHOTO OF RAMON NAVARRO, METRO STAR



BETTY BLYTHE, METRO-GOLDWYN STAR

## Sweet Mama Who Lived Upstairs

(A sad story, told by a grown-up little boy)

**I** SIT alone in the twilight,  
Wildly tearing my hairs,  
While my heart leaps out through  
the skylight,  
To the lady who lived upstairs.

She was a model of womanhood  
Who needed no repairs,  
Looking as pert as a woman could—  
This lady who lived upstairs.

When I lamped her first, I decided,  
Of her love I would have my shares;  
And my love has not subsided,  
For the lady who lived upstairs.

But my mama learned my intentions  
And called her a "woman of snares,"  
And other such false inventions,  
And forbade me to go upstairs.

Said mama, "That woman's a creature  
Who vamps men unawares,  
And as sure as I live, I will beat yer,  
If ever you sneak upstairs!"

Thru the weary days I pondered,  
(To add to my burden of cares.)  
When I heard gay voices I wondered  
What they were doing upstairs.

One day, I decided to chance it,  
(He loses who never cares.)  
But, alas! no girl to enhance it,  
When I looked in the flat upstairs.

The neighbors, I learned, had de-  
nounced her  
And meddled in her affairs.  
And asked the landlord to bounce her  
Out of the flat upstairs.

I've searched 'till my feet are weary  
And my aching heart despairs;  
I've looked in vain 'till I'm bleary  
For the lady who lived upstairs.

If you know where she is abiding,  
Please listen to my prayers;  
Where'n'ell is she hiding—  
The lady who lived upstairs?

—Follies.

# Nothing More to Say

By Barbara Blake

Circumstance is a cruel master. It branded Keith and Marion in the eyes of the world, changed the lives of three people, and furnished table talk for three hundred. You'll enjoy this charming tale of a whim of fate and the nocturnal prank of a drunken husband.

"**W**HAT about the Brewster divorce?" One member of the bridge foursome began thus, tentatively, and instantly the heads of her companions drew together over the card-table as though pulled by one string.

"Well," said the lady in the little, green hat, "I must say it was the shock of my life! Marion Brewster, of all people——!"

The lady in black sniffed, disdainfully. "Marion never had *me* fooled," she declared. "Not for a minute. These girls with beautiful Madonna faces, the kind that make sweet, charming artists' models; those with a what's-it-all-about expression will always bear watching."

"Still waters run deep," brightly contributed the lady in the diamond earrings.

"Not so deep," said the one with henna hair. "She wasn't particularly clever! Imagine not having brains enough—in her own house—she might have known what would happen. Bill isn't blind, deaf and unconscious, of course. I could have told her that."

"Let me see, when were they married?"

"Only two years ago. Isn't it a shame . . ."

Two years. Not a very long time when you put it in words, but some-

times as long as all the ages when you have lived it. Marion Brewster felt that way. Crushed. Stified. Old.

She had married Bill Brewster because she rather loved him, and because the mother instinct, the urge to put a restraining, guiding hand upon the colossal mess he was making of his life, was strong within her. She wanted to bring order out of the chaos, to make a man of Bill and turn him away from the dissolute tendencies that were inherent in him. She had thought she could do it. He had sworn she could—she alone, of all the women in the world. She had hoped to "baby" him on her bosom; to have him carry his woes, and trials, and temptations to her; she felt that she would understand him and the troubles and anxieties men face. Her arms had ached to draw him to her most of all when he was worried, or had been on a rampage and was now penitent.

The result was as results invariably are in such cases.

\* \* \*

**T**HE first time Bill came home to her intoxicated, Marion knew with a sudden agonizing clarity of vision that she had builded her house on sand. The last time—but that is the story.

"Where have you been, Bill?"

"Out."

"I know, but where? Till three in the morning!"

Young Brewster paused in the act of removing a wilted collar and turned uncertainly toward the bed whence issued these inquiries.

"Where," he stated, "is no bu'ness of yours."

Marion knew better than to argue. She said merely, "Did you hurt yourself coming up the stairs?"

"I did not!" with instant indignation. "Say, you mus' think I'm drunk or something!"

"I thought perhaps you fell. You made a terrible commotion. And what were you doing in the upstairs hall? I heard you tramping around outside the



Mlle. CAMILLE ATOL, DANCER WITH FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

door for at least five minutes before you came in."

"Tryin' find room," explained Bill Brewster. He divested himself of his coat and shirt, loosened his belt with the greatest difficulty, pulled off his shoes, and dropped heavily upon the bed.

"Sleep," he mumbled gratefully, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, did so.

Marion remained quite motionless, watching him. He was lying across the counterpane, sprawled grotesquely, as though some giant hand had picked him up and flung him there. His face was flushed, and his forehead glistened with wee pills of perspiration. There was a reek of stale liquor, heavy, horrible . . .

Shuddering, Marion rose, actuated by a new determination. She could not and would not sleep here in this bed, so close to the sodden, ugly thing that liquor had made, and was forever making, of her husband. She drew a bit of a chiffon negligee about her shoulders, snapped out the light on the little bedside table, and groped her way through inky darkness across the hall and into the guest-room. Still in darkness, she found the nearer of the twin beds with which the room was furnished and slid between its cool sheets with a sigh of relief. In a very few moments she, too, slept, sweetly and sound, like a little child.

When she awoke, broad daylight was beating into her face from windows beyond the foot of the bed. She threw one arm across her drowsy eyes to shut away its painful brightness.

"And are we playing peek-a-boo?" said a masculine voice pleasantly.

Marion withdrew the arm in haste and glanced wildly in the direction of the voice. In the other twin bed, not more than a foot from her, there calmly reposed a young man upon whom she had never before in her life laid eyes!

"Don't scream," he went on in the same matter-of-fact tone. "You're among friends."

Marion did not scream. She couldn't possibly have uttered a sound. She continued to inspect the stranger in wordless amazement. From his feet to his chin he was only a rather bulky and unusually long ridge in the bedclothes. Above, he consisted of dishevelled, curly brown hair, twinkling blue eyes that returned her scrutiny, and a mouth

showing rows of very white teeth as it grinned at what he obviously considered a most amusing predicament.

"You might say 'Good morning' to your guest," he suggested amiably. "It's being done by all the best hostesses this season."

"Wh-who are you?"

"My name is Dutton, Keith Dutton. I should be happy to give you my card, but unfortunately the case is on the dressing-table and as near as I can judge neither one of us is properly attired for a trip over there after it. Don't you feel like the second act of a modern bedroom comedy? I do, really."

"How did you get here, and why?" demanded Marion. She attempted to make her voice stern, but failed completely. There was something about the face and manner of her vis-a-vis that disarmed severity.

"A fair question," he said, "and one which I have been propounding myself, to myself, for some twenty minutes. How *did* I get here? I seem to have vague recollections of my favorite club, and many tall glasses full of a nameless fluid alleged to be Scotch in character, and a fellow who kept saying he was Marc Anthony and must hurry home to his Cleopatra. I think he brought me here, or I brought him, or something."

So that was it! Bill had brought him in when he came. That accounted for the tramp of feet about the hall, and the unusually violent ascent of the stairs. She recalled his muttered explanation, "Tryin' find room." The guest room, of course.

"Oh, so you're a friend of my husband's?" she said aloud.

"Until last night I could not claim that honor. I encountered him at the club, whither I had hied me to drown some particularly potent woes. I found him with his already half drowned, and we joined forces. Now I'm wondering why he had any woes to drown, with someone like you at home."

"He must have lots of them, I'm afraid," sighed Marion with a trace of bitterness. "He drowns them so often." And added speculatively, "But how about you? You don't look as though you had a care in the world." She lit a cigarette and sat up in bed.

"I had only one, and that's fading into insignificance. A girl I wanted to marry, or thought I wanted to, eloped yes-



Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn

## SHE LIT A CIGARETTE AND SAT UP IN BED

terday with a man whose most notable characteristics are three chins and twenty-three millions. Hence the jag. I don't drink usually, as a matter of fact. But enough of that; it being my turn, may I now make so bold as to inquire how you got in here? I know you weren't here when I came in, for I had the light on. And what's your name? Your husband referred to you as Cleopatra, and while that is appropriate in many ways, I'm sure you must have a more up-to-date one."

"MARION," stated the lady of that name. "And I came in here about ten minutes after you and Bill arrived. Didn't turn on the lights, so, of course, didn't discover your presence. You must have been asleep then, or you would have heard me."

"I must have been," agreed Keith Dutton. "Strange I wasn't snoring. I usually—well, hello, Anthony! How is every little thing along the Nile?"

Bill Brewster had opened the door softly and stood now just inside, surveying the twin beds and their occupants with a strange expression. Marion observed that he was still not himself. Doubtless he had consumed a couple of

drinks, "pick-me-ups," he called them, as was his custom after a hard night.

"Well!" he sneered. "This is a fine state of affairs! I wake up, find my wife gone, and discover her in an extremely compromising situation with a perfect stranger." He turned furiously upon Marion. "I want to know just what this means?"

"Oh, Bill, don't be ridiculous!" she said wearily. "You brought Mr. Dutton home last night yourself, and I, having no idea there was anyone here, came in in the dark and got into this bed. It's your own fault for not telling me."

THE face of Bill Brewster flushed a dull, menacing red. "My fault?" he snapped. "I brought him in? Why, I never saw the fellow before!" There was a moment of silence. Marion, alarmed, shifted her eyes from her husband to the man in the other twin bed. He was registering several very apparent emotions, amazement and anger chief among them.

"Why, listen here, Brewster," he said, raising himself on one elbow, "don't you remember last night? Down at the College Club? For heaven's sake, man, think!"

"I am thinking," said Bill Brewster. "I'm thinking a lot of things. One of them is that you're a liar, and another one is that my wife's one, too. I don't know you, never did, and don't want to. And let me tell you 'nother thing. I've got grounds for divorce now, in this state or any other, and by God, I'm going to have a divorce! No woman living is going to put anything like this over on me, and get away with it."

Keith Dutton sat up, enraged, his fist clenched as if he would leap from the covers and fall upon the speaker. Then, remembering his attire, he sank back again. As quickly as his indignation had arisen, it appeared to recede. He smiled, showing the extraordinary teeth, and Marion thought suddenly, irrelevantly, of a certain billboard advertisement for tooth-paste.

"You were drunker than I knew," he was saying, his eyes on Bill. "But, of course, we can very easily straighten the thing out. Where is the telephone?"

"There's one in my room, across the hall," said Marion.

Dutton snatched the satin quilt from his bed, and wrapping it about him, arose and strode through the door. Bill, with a long inscrutable look at his wife, followed. She could hear the stranger speaking, although she was unable to distinguish his words. A moment later the mingling voices of both men reached her ears, raised in altercation. Then, suddenly, there came the dull impact of some hard object against human flesh, a thud—and after that, silence.

Now thoroughly aroused, Marion leaped out of bed, flinging her negligee about her as she ran. In her own room she came upon a disturbing scene. The strange young man lay prone upon the floor, face downward, without moving. The quilt he had seized as a cloak billowed now, incongruously gay, above his prostrate body. Bill stood sullenly nearby, gripping the sturdy, low-backed chair that belonged in front of Marion's dressing-table in both hands.

"Oh, Bill, how could you?" Marion cried. She dropped to her knees, patting the ugly wound at the back of the unconscious man's head with a tiny lace handkerchief. "Call a doctor, quickly! You may have killed him!"

"He's all right," he said gruffly. "He'll come to."

"How do you know whether he will

or not? You hit him with that chair, from behind, didn't you? It's a shame. You call a doctor, and then help me get him up off that floor."

"Pretty anxious about him, aren't you?" Bill sneered, but he obeyed. Together they lifted the stranger's big form onto the bed. Marion ran for water and towels, while her husband busied himself, grumbling the while, at the telephone.

"How did it happen?" asked the doctor whom he summoned.

"He fell, and hit his head on that chair," said Bill calmly. From her post on the other side of the bed, Marion shot him a look of scorn, but she made no attempt to refute his words.

"He did, did he?" murmured the doctor. "Hum. Nasty cut he's got there. He'll come around all right, but he will need care and rest in bed for awhile. Who is he, anyway? Face is familiar, but I don't think I know him."

"Nor do I," said Bill meaningly. "He's a friend of my wife's."

Marion's head lifted proudly, and she gazed square into the questioning eyes of the medical man.

"He is someone whom my husband picked up at his club and brought in here last night, Doctor Andrews," she stated clearly. "They were both intoxicated, Bill so much so that he fails to recall either the incident or the man. His name, he told me this morning, is Keith Dutton. That's all I know about him."

"Oh, of course," said the doctor, his face clearing, "that's who it is—young Dutton. I don't know him, but I know his father well. Fine family. They'll be worried about him. I'll telephone old Brian Dutton myself and make some explanation or other, for it looks to me as though it would be some days before this boy is up and around again."

He opened the little black case that is to all doctors as ham is to eggs, and went to work. Some fifteen minutes later he took his departure, promising to send over a nurse immediately and to look in himself later on, and giving Marion numerous instructions for the care of her unexpected patient in the meantime.

\* \* \* \*

WHEN he was gone, Bill Brewster picked up his hat and coat from the corner where he had flung them the night before, and started



"PSYCHE MIT SCHMETTERLING"

*Painted by Kray*

started down the stairs in indecorous haste.

"Where are you going?" Marion called, following after him into the hall.

"Downtown."

"And leave me all alone with a man who's unconscious?"

"As long as he is unconscious, I guess I can trust you," Bill rejoined harshly. "You don't think I'm going to sit around here and watch you moon over your sick lover, do you?"

"Besides," he added, turning from the black fury of Marion's eyes, "I gotta see my lawyer. I meant what I said, Marion. There's going to be a divorce in this family, and this fellow who calls himself Dutton is co-respondent."

Marion opened her lips to speak, then closed them again into a tight little line without having uttered a syllable. Perhaps when he came back again he would be sober and sane. Better to wait until then . . .

But he never came back.

There came, instead, lawyers, and legal documents, and a summons. Then judges, juries, newspaper reporters, a great hue and cry.

Marion went through it all like one in a daze, powerless to resist the arm of the law, powerless to stop the tongue of slander, and caring very little, somehow. Keith Dutton cared. He cared tremendously, for her sake, but even his frenzied efforts proved futile. They had spent the night in a room together, hadn't they? Well, then, what more was there to say?

. . .

"OF course, you all heard the story they tell," said the lady in the diamond earrings. Obviously, they all had; there was a general knowing smile. "As if any human being with brains would swallow that!" remarked the one with the henna hair caustically.

"Well, I hear"—the voice that belonged with the little green hat lowered itself to a whisper—"that Keith is going to marry Marion!"

"Marry her!"

"No!"

"But why on earth should he?"

"I'm sure I don't know why he should. The gentlemanly thing to do, I suppose. You know after Bill and he had that terrible battle in the room—they say it lasted a full hour—and Bill finally beat him, Marion nursed him back to health.



MARY KISSEL IN "ARTISTS AND MODELS"

I suppose he's grateful to her for that, and perhaps he blames himself for the divorce, too, though, personally, I am of the opinion that it's always the woman's fault. Anyway, whatever his reason, he's going to marry her. I made Henry ask him the other day, and he said indeed he was, just as soon as he could persuade her."

"Ha!" ejaculated Henna Hair. "Persuade her! That's funny."

"Poor Keith," sighed Diamond Earrings, "and poor Bill, too—I feel awfully sorry for him. Why, the right kind of a wife might have done wonders with that man, and look at him. Ruined, absolutely. Drinking like a fish! Oh, girls, isn't it just a shame. . . ."



LEYLA  
GEORGIE,  
ONLY  
WOMAN  
MEMBER  
OF THE  
CAST OF  
"WHAT  
PRICE  
GLORY"

# THE SUDDEN RISE OF A STAGE DESIGNER

"ONE year of intensive training," boasted a youthful electrical engineer, "and I can be an artist. Let me give as much applied study to drawing as I have given to mathematics and within twelve months my pictures will be on exhibition."

Such was the seemingly mad wager made by Cleon Throckmorton, now technical director and stage designer for the Provincetown Playhouse, says the *New York Sun*. "Throck," as his familiars call him, had for some years been studying to be an electrical engineer when he set out to demonstrate that all art is not inspiration. High school training, a few years at Carnegie Institute of Technology and research work at the Bureau of Standards all pointed toward a professional career.

One night a group of students gathered together in a small restaurant in Washington were holding forth on "Art and Science." Throckmorton, to uphold his theories, wagered that given a year—devoting as much time and effort as he would have spent in electrical research—he would be able to claim recognition as an artist. The bet was called and engineering faded into the background.

An old stable was bought and converted into a coffee house in which the aspiring artist spent his evenings tending customers. During the day he roamed the streets, drawing anything and everything. "Intensive work" to this scientifically minded man meant drawing eight hours a day.

For six months he kept to this routine. The shop prospered and the profits went into trips to New York to visit current exhibitions. On one of these excursions he went on as far as Provincetown, where he spent several weeks watching artists at work. The end of the year found him working fast and furiously.

And then suddenly he was a recognized

artist and the bet was won. The bi-annual exhibition of the Corcoran Galleries accepted and hung three of his pictures. A few months later he was elected chairman of the arts committee of the Art Club of Washington.

But this taste of art, entered into as a wager, had proved to Throckmorton that the Bureau of Standards was not his happy hunting ground. By chance he stumbled on his career. He had developed a hobby of standing about in the fly gallery of a little theatre in Washington watching back stage mechanics, which, of course, seemed simple after knowing the rudiments of engineering. His interest grew, supplemented by a study of theatrical background through intensive reading at the Congressional Library.

Sundry visits to New York, painting, science, stage mechanics coalesced when he was called in by George Cram Cook to design the sets for "The Emperor Jones." How they won praise and recognition for him as well as the play is theatrical history. He became part of the Provincetown Group.

In addition to designing the settings for "The Emperor Jones," "The Hairy Ape," "The Verge," "All God's Chillin' Got Wings," "S. S. Glencairn," at the Provincetown, Throckmorton has to his credit the stage designs for "The Old Soak," "The Pigeon," "The God of Vengeance," "Rosmersholm" and "O Nightingale."

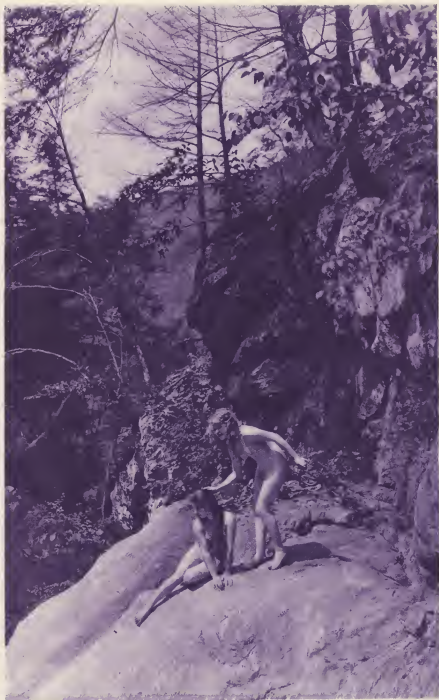
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## Acrobatique

Charles—Which do you think is the best acrobat, Houdini or Donald Ogden Stuart's hero, who mounted his horse and galloped off in all directions?

Reade—Neither. What about Robinson Crusoe? It says here, "After he had finished his meal he lit up his pipe and sat down on his chest."

—Virginia Reel.



© American Art Bromides Co.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GOLDEN WEST

# Zim's "Phoolosophy of Art"

By Eugene Zimmerman

**M**Y boy! A word in confidence. A heart-to-heart, or man-to-man chat, just as a Mason would exchange secrets with an Odd Fellow or as an old hen would cluck to her brood of wayward ducklings. Thus do I seek to advise you on matters pertaining to art and its preservation.

For you may some day be obliged to help your mother, your wife or your boarding house madam at housecleaning, and being an artist, questions of artistic import, the preservation of paintings and art treasures of the establishment, may fall to your lot. It is then your chance to display your superior knowledge on such questions. Remember this, there are many oils and varnishes and preparations made purposely for the restoration of paintings to bring them out of a state of lingering lethargy to a state of bristling vivacity, and for the same purpose I have noticed there are many home-made remedies extant. I have made exhaustive inquiries

at the homes of my neighbors whose walls are adorned with home-grown art rarities and I am informed that plain kerosene oil will remove almost anything but the canvas and that mutton tallow will give the paintings a waxlike finish, such as your grandpa used to wear upon his Sabbath boots.

Salad or mayonnaise dressing and cedar floor oils have been used with marvelous effect. These, of course, are all household remedies and give the painting thus treated a short cut to antiquity. After three or four seasons you may safely add the name of Titian, Rubens or Rembrandt and await the coming of the connoisseur.

Be ye not like the realist who insisted on painting teeth with a toothbrush, hair with a hair brush, shoes with a shoe brush, nails with a nail brush, clothes with a clothes brush, hats with a hat brush, etc., and finally Bridget cleaned up the entire mess with a scrubbing brush.



"FORSAKEN"

Painted by L. Ridet, Luxembourg Gallery

LA JUNIATA,  
TOE AND  
CLASSIC  
DANCER,  
BOOKED FOR  
BROADWAY



*Photo by G. A. Lawrence, N. Y.*

# The Lady Godiva History Rewritten in Modern Vein

LADY GODIVA to the Earl—I do wish you would let up on that tax. The poor people of Coventry can't pay it. They are really badly off. Not one of them has so much as a roadster, and their clothes are frightfully frumpy.

Earl (with a fiendish grin)—All right, I'll do it, my dear, but on one consideration.

Lady Godiva—What is that?

Earl (with another fiendish grin)—I'll tell you later.

Exit Lady Godiva in tears.

Enter villainess.

Earl to villainess—Hist! Cha know what I want cha to do? Get her to bob her hair.

Villainess—What for? It will cost you more. She'll have to get it curled all the time.

Earl (screaming with laughter)—I don't care, I'll pay anything just to have some fun.

He dances wildly.

Villainess—All right, I'll do it.

Exit Earl.

Enter Lady Godiva.

Villainess—My dear, you don't mean to say you're still wearing long hair! Why be in the Methuselah class?

Lady Godiva (mildly)—We can't all dress like children.

Villainess—But one doesn't have to look like Noah's ark.

Lady Godiva (mildly)—Fashions are so unimportant.

Villainess (hissing)—You are mid-Victorian.

Lady Godiva shrieks and falls to the floor in a dead faint.

Villainess (whipping out her shears)—Shall I cut?

Lady Godiva (faintly)—Cut.

Villainess gives her a boyish bob.

Exit villainess.

Enter Earl.

Earl (brutally)—Now, do you want to know my conditions?

Lady Godiva (pleading)—Oh, dear Earl, do tell me what I can do to save the people of Coventry.

Earl (dancing fiendishly)—Ha, ha, ha! I will take off the tax and spare their poverty if you will ride through the streets of Coventry naked. You must do homage to my wishes now, and tear off those gorgeous clothes and ride through the streets unclothed. Naked, you hear me? You could have done it before you had your hair bobbed because your long hair would have covered you up, but now you cannot do it. The people will have to starve. It is to-o-o-o la-a-ate.

He sneers at her.

Lady Godiva (screaming wildly)—To-o-o la-a-a-ate! Without my hair to cover me I cannot do it. The poor people must starve. Oh, cruel plot! Oh, heartless villainess!

She pauses and thinks a moment.

Lady Godiva—But am I mid-Victorian? No, I was so yesterday, but not now. Where's the horse?

She dashes out.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

## Who's Afraid?

One night at a theatre some scenery took fire and the smell of burning alarmed the audience. A panic seemed imminent, when a comedian appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Wife—Do you realize that you haven't kissed me for over a month?

Absent-minded Prof.—Good Lord! Then who is it I have been kissing?

Flap—I hear Jack has a new siren for his car.

Per—Why, what became of the blonde one?—*Lyre.*



"THE RIDE OF LADY GODIVA"

*Painted by J. Lefebvre, Musee du Louvre*

# Palette and Kitchenette

**C**ONTRARY to the general belief that artists do not eat, please accept our word that they do really eat, and that their meals are prepared and served just as artistically as their canvases are painted. In our jolly little studio quarter, smuggled down in a quiet corner of Greenwich Village, we have many happy studio luncheonettes. There we gather, artists and our models and we do have rare treats. Our food isn't all cakes and fudges, although we do have plenty of sweets. Perhaps you'd like to know what we have and how we prepare our studio spreads.

Just now, of course, we take our food mostly in the salad form, and our liquid refreshments are also served cold.

**W**E'VE discovered a delicious salad made from tomatoes and bananas. Take a pound of ripe, firm tomatoes, plunge them into boiling water for just a few seconds. Take them out and peel the skins off. The hot water loosens the skins and they peel very easily. When the tomatoes are peeled, set them aside on a platter, to cool. Do not place them directly on the ice as that will take away much of their flavor. Skin three large bananas and cut them in slices. Slice the tomatoes, and arrange the tomatoes and bananas alternately on a few leaves of crisp lettuce. Sprinkle pepper and salt over this and place on the ice. A very good dressing for this salad is made from cream and the yolk of an egg. Take the yolk of a hard boiled egg and beat in gradually, one gill of sweet cream. The cream and yolk must be beaten thoroughly. Served with dainty graham bread and butter sandwiches (for we do not want to get fat or fatter as the case may be) this is a delightful treat for luncheon on these hot July days. Iced tea with the juice of half an orange instead of the conventional lemon is a very tangy refreshment, and will help make you feel cooler.

**B**Y those of you who like fish I believe this recipe will be favored. Take some cooked fish, such as boiled sole, salmon or codfish. Separate the



BILLIE BURKE, ZIEGFELD PRODUCTIONS

flesh from the bones. Skin and flake it. Peel three tomatoes, first loosening the skins by plunging in hot water. Cut the tomatoes into very tiny pieces. Mix flaked fish and chopped tomatoes. Add to this three minced anchovies, a hard boiled egg, finely minced, and a cupful of boiled rice. Mix these ingredients thoroughly. Spread over some crisp, new lettuce. Take the yolks of two eggs. Beat for a few minutes. Then add a tablespoonful of olive oil, adding a drop at a time. When this mixture is thick enough to spread, work in vinegar to taste, also pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of thick cream. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour over salad.

Nut bread sandwiches go well with this salad.

**W**E hope these little recipes which come from our tiny kitchenette will find favor with you. There are so many appetizing dishes for this time of the year that we will continue this column in our next issue.

*Suzanne Deer.*



SUMMER DREAMS

© James Wallace Pondelick



One of the Big Ensemble Numbers from  
EARL CARROLL'S "VANITIES"

# The BOX OFFICE

*A Department of Theatrical, Art Gallery, and "Movie" News*

## City College to Give Play-writing Course

A SPECIAL course in practical playwriting will be given at the City College, Brooklyn, N. Y., summer school in the Central Y. M. C. A. by John T. Lang of the faculty. Each student will be required to complete a one-act or a three-act play.

Thus it is that interest constantly increases in the theatre. It would not surprise us in the least if theological seminaries take up these studies seriously. Your ministers and future priests can learn much from an institution which, as some claim (erroneously, we believe), is giving the Church a "run for its money."

As a matter of fact the Greek religion originated in, and was fostered by, the theatre of its day.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOME of the movies are good this year. We know you'd enjoy them, so for your benefit we'll give you an idea of what's what on the silver screen.

"The Making of O'Malley" is one of First National's dramas. To believe in this picture you must be credulous, but you'll enjoy it at any rate. We see the story of a beautiful young debutante who teaches school in the Bronx, just for fun. She has a few suitors, as you would expect, the most important being a middle-aged bootlegger and an equally middle-aged cop. O'Malley is the cop in question. He's not just an ordinary cop, he's a Traffic Policeman, which, of course, puts him aces high with Lucille, the teacher. O'Malley was a jewel. He'd arrest anybody and everybody for doing any little thing they might be after doing, such as killing Grandma with an axe, or throwing coffee grounds into Fordham road. O'Malley was appointed guardian of teachers' little darlings. To him was given the task of guiding their little footsteps across the crossings. O'Malley, naturally couldn't resist the charms of his charges' teacher.

Every night, after school, teacher would let O'Malley in on some of the secrets of mathematics and history, so when a kid would ask him what started the civil war O'Malley could come smack back with the answer.

Milton Sills is the star, and he is exceptionally good as O'Malley. We believe this is his best work since "The Sea Hawk."

Dorothy Mackaill hasn't much to do, but she does that little with ease and charming simplicity.

The brightest bit in the picture is contributed by Helen Rowland, a chubby darling who has just grown one lovely large tooth, and we just feel she lisps.

For villains we have Warner Richmond as Danny the Dude, and Thomas J. Carrigan, who runs a flourishing bootlegging joint right next to teacher's school.

The director has produced a smooth piece of work, especially in the scenes where Milton gets his man at a masquerade ball. This happened to be a naive bootlegger, who went to the masquerade the night his joint was raided.

The scenes are pure Bronx. Back-grounds by Mayor Hylan, subways, elevated roads, etc., etc.

A picture with a little bit of everything for everybody.

\* \* \* \* \*

After David Belasco's "Ladies of the Evening" had played to its 208th audience, he decided to close until early next month.

\* \* \* \* \*

Josephine Evans has been chosen as the leading woman in "The Good Bad Woman," which has been revived recently. Miss Evans portrays the part with more than ordinary artistry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edward Emery, Mary Duncan, and Charles Brown have the leading parts in "All Wet" which opened in Stamford, Conn., and which is now playing to New York audiences.



P. & A. Photo

# NEW BATHING SUITS ARE DRAPED TO ORDER

NEXT SUMMER'S BATHING SUITS WILL BE BUILT TO ORDER, ACCORDING TO A PACIFIC COAST FASHION AUTHORITY. HERE IS MISS LILLIAN COLLIER OF LOS ANGELES DRAPING A BATHING SUIT ON NEVADA ADAIR.



"THE MODEL"

*Pencil Drawings by Jean Pastoret, of the  
National Academy of Commercial Design*

We were very much impressed with the impersonation of Huston's *Ephraim Cabot* by Otto Hulicius in that most refreshing burlesque, "They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms." The performance of Halicius and Vera Allen as Abbie Putnam was very well handled.

She (in art gallery)—"So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!"—*Boston Transcript*.

\* \* \* \*

Virtue as a transcendent gem is better set without much gold and ornament.

## Paints Under Water

**BARH PRITCHARD**, the American painter of submarine life, has been leading a hermit's life in Brazil for two months, painting for exhibitions at Paris and Brussels.

He has been living on Paqueta Island, in the middle of Rio Janeiro's big harbor, an hour by ferry from the city. A house was rented in an unfrequented part of the island, and a chain and padlock placed on the garden gate. The island is quiet enough to satisfy his need for solitude. Although it contains a small village, there are no street cars, automobiles, or telephones.

The submarine painter makes his sketches on specially oiled material while working under water in a diving suit, generally at depths of about 25 feet. Here the luminosity of the water is equal to daylight above the surface. The artist says he forgets about being under water as he sketches until he is warned by a tug on his air hose, by the watchers overhead, that there is danger in the neighborhood. Big fish do not bother him, as they are wary about the strange animal which is always emitting a stream of bubbles from the top of its head.

\* \* \* \*

"How is it that you can make such exact likenesses of co-eds?"

"I have them kiss the canvas and their cosmetics do the rest."

—Missouri Outlaw.

\* \* \* \*

**DOON STRYKER** has opened an art studio at Grand Rapids Mich. He was recently art director of the Hartman Furniture and Carpet Company, Chicago, and at one time was with the Periodical Publishing Company, Grand Rapids in a similar capacity.

\* \* \* \*

Virgil Truman, formerly with the David J. Molloy Company, Chicago has joined the staff of Paul Resinger, Chicago commercial artist.

\* \* \* \*

"In the case of the most faithful copy of nature, in so far as our eyes follow it, there is a loss on the part



BETTY ARLEN, METRO DANCER



HELENE DENIZON, OF THE FOKINE BALLET

of Providence, who, perhaps does not, until the following century, impress the seal upon work begun in the present."—SCHILLER.

\* \* \* \*

### Coolidge Gets Hungarian Art Pieces

**T**WO of the masterpieces of Julius Bezerey, the Hungarian sculptor, were recently presented to President Coolidge by the Hungarian-American Society and other Americanized Hungarians as an expression of the kindly feeling of the Hungarian people for the United States.

The two pieces of sculpture, one a reproduction of the statue of Washington which stands in the city of Budapest, and the other a statue of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian leader, will be placed permanently in the White House.

\* \* \* \*

"There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present; and must compel its age to understand it;

the second understands its age, and tells what it wishes to be told. Let us find strength and inspiration in the one, amusement and instruction in the other, and be honestly thankful for both."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

\* \* \* \*

### Coleridge on Art

Coleridge says that the effect of an excellent work of art is that of "enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike action."

\* \* \* \*

"The artist must draw from the overfullness of life, and not from the overfullness of abstract generalities; for in art it is not thinking, as is the case in philosophy, but the actual external forms and figures of things that furnish the material of productive activity. This is the element, accordingly, in which the artist must find himself and be at home; he must have seen much, heard much, and treasured up much in his memory."—HEGEL.



KAY HAWLEY, ARTISTS' MODEL AND BROADWAY STAR

## Gems to Memorize

It is not too much to say that the development of Tolstoy as a militant moralist is coincident with his decline as an artist. He was no longer content to picture life as he saw it; he insisted on preaching.—*Brander Matthews.*

A man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders a service to future psychologists and writers, giving them not only a faithful picture of the times but likewise human documents that can be relied on.—*Sienciewicz.*

Without love, all glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

This is a busy world, but the age is calling for men who can help bear its burdens, men who can *do* things, whose faces are turned toward the sunrise. There is no place for the man who lives in the squabbles of the past.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

In olden times men used their powers of painting to show the objects of faith; in later times they used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting.—*Ruskin.*

All the arts, which have a tendency to raise man in the scale of being, have a certain common band of union, and are connected, if I may be allowed to say so, by blood-relationship with one another.—*Cicero.*

There are two kinds of artists in this world; those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.—*Anna Katherine Green.*

The artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist.—*Novalis.*

Art is more godlike than science. Science discovers; art creates.—*John Opie.*

Rembrandt used his father's mill as a studio, and the light came down from a little high window in the mill falling on the easel in just such a golden shaft as is often seen in his pictures.

# How to Develop a Perfect Body

*Charles Atlas' Secrets of Success*

By FRED W. TILNEY, N.D., D.C., F.S.D.

**S**UNNY Calabria, in southern Italy, is famous for two things: its vineyards and the birthplace of Angelo Siciliano, better known as Charles Atlas, whose physical perfection has excited the admiration of artists and sculptors all over the world.

However, Charles Atlas was not always physically perfect. Until he was sixteen years of age he was a puny weakling, but by the simple methods described in this article he finally has built himself a physique which many pronounce "more perfect than any of the ancient Greek gods." Duncan Smith, famous New York artist, said, "Apollo and Hermes seem weaklings beside him." And Anthony de Francisci, celebrated sculptor who designed our silver dollar, exclaimed:

"Italy gives the world another marvel —Charles Atlas!"



CHARLES ATLAS

How was it that Atlas arrived at such phenomenal development when he was a weakling during childhood? Many people think it strange that most "strong men" were once weaklings. This is a fact, nevertheless. The explanation is simple when it is realized they made drastic efforts to overcome their physical handicaps. They were determined to become healthy and strong. As they progressed they became enthused and more inspired than ever; this was the case with Sandow, and practically all strong men, including Atlas. During his adolescence his anxious, but mistaken, mother gave him all kinds of medicine, tonics and other useless preparations in



ATLAS HAS THE SHOULDERS OF A HERCULES

the hope of building him up—but without avail.

One day, while going with his teacher and classmates to the Brooklyn Museum of Art, he was thrilled by gazing upon the beautiful plaster casts of the ancient statuary and wondered if it were possible for persons in this generation to become like the wonderful specimens which the master sculptors of Rome and Greece had portrayed.

One of the first things he discovered was that the ancients had no modern gymnasia such as we have today, that it was not at all necessary to acquire great strength and beauty of body from the horizontal bars, the vaulting horse, the trapeze, the flying rings, the parallel bars and other paraphernalia.

Indeed, the more he investigated their manner of living, the more happy and enthusiastic he became. He found that the closer these ancient athletes lived to Nature, the more perfect and healthy they were.

In his study of how these superb races lived, he found they invariably obeyed certain definite principles and natural laws, which was the secret of their tremendous power. To beautify their bodies, increase their strength and retain their glorious health the Greeks,

Spartans and Romans regarded their prime duty. In fact they considered it a disgrace if any one among them lacked physical perfection. Both men and the women had large open air Courts where they exposed their undraped bodies to the healing influences of sun and air, enjoying their exercises, baths and games, which they looked upon as a sacred daily performance.

Who has not been inspired by pictures of statues of these magnificent men and women of Greece and Rome? The glistening, supple beautiful bodies of human animals, charged with great strength and power must have been a rare joy to behold! What a glorious life they lived, unhampered as we are today by tight fitting uncomfortable clothes, without prudery and shame, and the senseless conventionality and artificiality of today! With the records we still possess of their mode of living, together with our modern knowledge of rational hygiene and sanitation, it is possible for many of us to be equally as perfect as were the Greeks and Romans.

There came a time when these Old World races began to taste of forbidden fruits, and indulge in dissipation of every sort. The new life of ease and luxury overwhelmed them, they neg-



CHARLES ATLAS, PHYSICALLY PERFECT

lected to take care of themselves, and in consequence they became mere stagnant chunks of broken humanity, no longer the world's dominating powers. Just as soon as this deplorable condition manifested itself thrones, kings and empires began to crumble.

And what a sorry picture this presented! But are we not, as a nation, almost in the same plight today? Is not America one vast whirlpool of ease, luxury and pleasure? Go along our avenues and boulevards and where do you find any perfect specimens of humanity like ancient Rome could claim her own?

Our hospitals and sanitariums are overcrowded because the simple laws of Nature have not been heeded. Hundreds of thousands are chained to their beds in the clutches of some dread disease—all of which is entirely needless. We think more about our horses, dogs, cattle, swine and strawberries, etc., than we do of perfecting ourselves.

How inconsistent this Nation is! In the past we have been taught that attention given to our bodies was an evil, a sin, a shame. It was vile, prudish! It was against the will of the Almighty! How foolish indeed!

But Charles Atlas did not think that way. Not being in a position to attend a gymnasium he persistently set to work, really play, and adopted the same simple principles which he had learned the Greeks and Romans used.

In addition to his careful observation and long painstaking study of the ancients, he evolved an original system for quickly building a beautiful body and at the same time gaining health and strength rapidly. Upon inquiry he was informed that Hercules has always been considered the ideal, and it was Atlas' ambition to become like this famous athlete.

His wish has been more than granted, for his figure is more perfect than Hercules. Many time I have been with America's best sculptors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, to compare physiques and certainly Appolo and Hermes are almost weaklings beside the heroic development of Atlas.

Examine some of the sculpture detail and decide for yourself. You will see that the pectoral (chest) muscles, serratus magnus, intercostals, lattissimus dorsi, external oblique muscles and the

prapezius muscles, also the forearms, are much better and more beautifully developed.

While the statue of Hercules shows him of a very heavy, massive and tremendously muscular type, close observation shows that the pectoral (chest) muscles of Charles Atlas are much larger, deeper, thicker and more full and round, while those of Hercules are quite flat. It should also be realized that the statue of Hercules has been greatly exaggerated from his original physique. So the statues show a development that almost borders on the ugly. With Atlas and all his great strength there is no knottiness of the muscles, his form is flowing and refined, embodying the highest type of manly beauty.

Finding in Charles Atlas a symbol of male perfection, more than twenty sculptors have reproduced his physique in marble, granite and bronze. So handsome in face and beautiful in body, it was an easy matter for the directors of the *Physical Culture Magazine* to award him the \$1,000 first prize as the world's most perfect man in their 1921 contest, and again give him a \$1,000 first prize and a diploma for his physical perfection at Madison Square Garden, October, 1922.

One of the greatest American sculptors, who was also a judge in the Madison Square Garden contest, says:

"His marvelous physique is so perfectly balanced, so evenly proportioned and beautiful that all my profession colleagues unhesitatingly pronounce him more perfect than the Greek Gods. In my long study of ancient and modern statuary and sculpture Hercules has always been considered the ideal Male figure, but from careful observation we have, fortunately, discovered a still more perfect specimen in Charles Atlas, whose remarkable torso is more classical than any works of art in existence. Charles Atlas is the most superb specimen of magnificent manhood I have even seen, and is to be congratulated for arriving at such a state of physical perfection. He has been rightly called 'the Perfect Human Masterpiece.'"

Another famous sculptor, Antonio Salemme, also one of the judges, says: "I believe Atlas is unique. He is a living example of the immortal marbles of the Parthenon and of Praxiteles. All the qualities that a sculptor dreams of are to be found in him. In fact he



NOTICE THE SUPERB CHEST DEVELOPMENT

really surpasses the artist's expectations. He has the gigantic cut of a heroic statue, and at the same time most elegant line and grace of movement—hard and flexible, definitely marked yet very subtle. And aside from his wonderful form personal contact with him is an inspiration for everyone. From his firm, live muscles emanates life in all its glory. He is ever cheerful and sparkling, for his radiant Health gives him all the joy of living. I know I am not exaggerating when I say that he is of incalculable value to the sculptors of this generation, since he personifies the beautiful things which they most admire—the best works of the ancient Greek."

Now, let us delve into the personal life of Atlas and see just what he does in order to get fit and maintain the extraordinary development of his classical physique. While other boys were frit-

tering away their time, Charles Atlas spent his time building a *perfect body*. As he was too poor to attend a gymnasium he learned how the ancient athletes lived. He frequently went (and still does go) to the Brooklyn and New York museums for inspiration. But he is prouder of his classic beauty than he is of his tremendous strength.

The following important methods constitute the basic principles by which he attained physical perfection: Observe them carefully, for by applying them all, young men can develop into Apollos and old men can have that youthful vigor and glorious new health, and after reading these directions there is positively no need for any one to remain a weakling.

1.—Atlas had a definite goal, and strived ceaselessly to attain that goal. The majority of us have no definite aim

and consequently never arrive anywhere. What would we think of a builder who attempted to construct and build a skyscraper or a house unless he had carefully laid all the plans and made the specifications so that he knew what the finished building would look like and that it would be architecturally correct? Yet that is what many of us are doing. We just drift aimlessly without conscious knowledge of where we are going. It is important to *know exactly* what we want. It was the first great step in Atlas' success.

2.—Regarding each day's efforts as a goal in itself. He says step by step and the thing is done. Never missing a day further to realize his ambition. Many of us start out with high ideals and ambitions. We are too enthusiastic at the start and then our interest flags, our ideals lose their power, we become careless and negligent, or expecting too great results in too short a time we become discouraged and quit. This cannot be said of Atlas, however. The other week, to give an instance of what I mean, showing his persistence, I measured Atlas' calves. They measured only 15 inches. They are usually  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches or 16 inches. He said: "I'm going to do leg exercises a thousand times before I leave the office tonight." And he *did* them a thousand times! Then I measured his calf again, this time it was  $15\frac{3}{4}$  inches and he was satisfied, and we went home. So let us take for example the World's Most Perfect Man and be *persistent*.

3.—Regarding his body as a priceless instrument, which must be guarded like a delicate and intricate piece of machinery. Perhaps in no instance do we neglect any machine as we do the human body. When you buy a high priced automobile do you throw mud into the engine and expect it to run smoothly and without trouble? Certainly not! And yet the engine is made of powerful steel. We are not only careless but indifferent of the junk we put into the bodily machine. So-called "foods" and "drinks" and other rubbish are put into our stomach, certainly not for the object of nourishment, but rather to satisfy an abnormal appetite. It requires knowledge and study of what we put into the body for best results.

4.—Study and careful investigation of how to get the maximum results with the minimum of time and effort. Con-

stant improvement is being made in the world of science and so we see our modern airplanes, our electric trains, radio and other inventions which help in the progress of the wheels of business. Surely more important than all these is the necessity of caring for and building up our bodies, so that we have the health and ability to enjoy the material comforts our inventors have given us.

5.—Concentration of the mind to the work involved. When doing a thing Atlas gives it his *whole attention*. If exercising he gives a certain group of muscles his utmost concentration till that part is thoroughly fatigued. To aid in this concentration he tries as far as possible to exercise before a large mirror. He absolutely refuses to allow anyone to interrupt or disturb him while exercising. His **WHOLE** mind and heart are centered on the particular part he is perfecting. A fault common with many of us is that we do our work in a perfunctory manner, our mind is on something else, we are not *intensely* interested in the matter in hand, and so we see only meagre results, we arrive at only a fraction of the physical perfection of which we are capable.

6.—Studying anatomy and physiology, learning the many muscles of the body, the vital organs and their functions, and seeing that every part gets its full quota of daily activity. These are very difficult subjects it is true, but all of us should learn something of our bodies, or place the care of our health to those who have made a careful study of it. No one would think of asking an engineer to build a bridge unless it was known he was thoroughly acquainted with engineering construction principles.

7.—Moderation.

8.—Never exercising beyond the fatigue point. He stops when good and tired. He trains without straining. There are many enthusiasts who want to force their development. Nature cannot be cheated in this way. Anything worthwhile in this life requires constant, careful attention. This is especially true in the perfect development of the body.

9.—Taking care of what he puts into his stomach, choosing his foods with the object of developing great magnetic power; selecting a balanced dietary containing all the elements necessary thoroughly to nourish the body. Eating

*Missing Page...*

*Missing Page...*



"PYGMALION AND GALATEA"

*Painted by Moest*

# SELECTED VERSE

## Protest

**I** WOULD not try to take from such  
as you  
Religion—Why, it's all the strength  
you've got—  
Because, perhaps there is a God, and  
then  
Perhaps there's not.  
And who am I to contradict? For  
though  
I may consider from what life I've seen  
There was no Christ—I cannot tell—  
Ah well—  
There may have been.  
I've theories of my own, like you, you  
see—  
Another man has his—  
But why shriek YOUR ideas? Perhaps  
you're right,  
But—well, perhaps HE is.  
—BERTHE G. PATERSON, in *The Quill*.

\* \* \* \*

## Do Not Curse the Wind

**B**ARE not your teeth to curse the  
wind, my friend,  
Though it should fling you gasp-  
ing from your path!  
Think not the wind is frightened by  
your wrath  
When it has mocked the maddened  
seas that sent  
Their frothing hound-waves leaping at  
its heels;  
When it has chortled at the frenzied  
trees  
That lash its flanks and tumble to their  
knees  
On broken whips at last—when it but  
squeals  
In glee when angry mountains think to  
close  
Their towering gates on it. And even  
you  
The wind will mock; so do not curse it,  
lest  
It snatch your tender life out of your  
chest!  
Yield it your path, or do as those clouds  
do:  
Lean on its mane and ride it where it  
goes.

—LEROY McLEOD, in *The Forum*.

## To the Moon

**I** AM imprisoned, Moon, and in my  
heart  
There is but feeble stirring to be free.  
Up from the eastern hill I watched you  
start,  
You seemed a toy, thrown by the gods  
too high,  
Tossed by some Titan, out beyond the  
sea,  
A trifling toy into a vacuous sky.  
  
I watched you rise, and felt no upward  
pull,  
Ah, Moon, too soon the captive turns  
the slave;  
Ageless and passionless, and beautiful  
Your light glazed into silver, and my  
roof  
And window-sill turned argent in your  
wave,  
And still the bondsman's heart has  
held aloof.

Moon, you have been my chariot before,  
And I thy Phaeton, daring to ride  
Where only the immortals safely soar.  
But I am trapped tonight in common  
things,  
Something that made me strong in  
flight has died,  
And I am earthbound, groping for my  
wings.

God grant it that my fettered feet may  
try  
To climb; if not for me the flights  
Into the star-strewn spaces of the sky,  
I will drag up my chains of bondage,  
Moon.  
It does not matter, though I reach the  
heights  
And clasp their loftiness, only to  
swoon.

—PATRICIA BURNS Flinn in *Verse*.

\* \* \* \*

The lassie sighed a mournful cry,  
She wept a tearful wail  
And as she raised a pleading eye  
"There's nothing left beneath the sky  
For me," I heard her sob, "For I  
Have learned how to inhale."

—Ohio Sun Dial.



KATHLEEN WILLIAMS, *Metro-Goldwyn Beauty*



VIOLA WEBSTER, METRO-GOLDWYN

## The Artist

Down by Glendenning's store, where you  
hitched  
The buggy and complained about the  
crop,  
You'd always find him keeping open  
shop  
Under an old umbrella. Half bewitched  
By his accomplished penmanship you'd  
stand  
And watch him write, without a single  
blot,  
The name Drucilla Amidon in what  
Was called those days a fine Spencerian  
hand.  
Over and over, quick as you could wink,  
Each neat white card a masterpiece.  
He knew  
The mysteries of gold and silver ink  
Of lines like cobweb, flourish and  
curlicue.  
But, being a simple man, he had no  
words  
For what lay hidden in those scrolls and  
birds.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS,  
in N. Y. Sun.

\* \* \* \*

## Comme Il Faut

Well, I suppose that it  
Had to happen—just  
Because I didn't have  
Time to read that last  
Chapter in "Manners—  
Good and Otherwise"  
You see, it was only  
The second time that  
I had taken out the  
Sweet woman—and  
Seeing as how she was  
Kind of shaky on her  
Pins I figures we'd  
Better take in a  
Meal—well, she suggests  
The "Hicclass" and then  
Says to me, "The  
Waitresses are so  
Good there."  
Maybe I should have  
Answered "Yeah?" and  
Let it go at that,  
But somehow or other  
I just naturally forgot  
Where I was acting  
And then I says  
"Are the waitresses  
GOOD?—how unusual!"  
—Voodoo.



ALBERTA VITAK, IN SHORT'S RITZ REVUE



"DIANA"

*Sculpture by Edward McCartan*



"VIOLETTE"

*Painted by A. Laurens*

## Primavera

SOFT rains will drop their silver veils; the hills  
 Will know again a smoky, green-grey blur.  
 In the brown, rapid waters of the rills  
 Music will wake, and where shy streams demur  
 Birds' wings will whip the sky to flame, and trees  
 Rehearse again each amorous word and look—  
 Then shall we come and, standing at Spring's knees,  
 Read April's message from her own bright book.

And we shall heed the things which she will teach—  
 The death of clouds in rain, the birth of moons,  
 Of trees, vocal in huds, and leafy tunes—  
 And, as we listen to her silver speech,  
 We'll smile, who learned the secret of all this  
 Dead ages past, with our first, curious kiss.

—ALICE GLASGOW, in *N. Y. World*.

*Keystone Photo Service***ERNEST EDWIN COFFIN, the Modern Gladiator**

# The Relation of Health and Strength to Beauty

By Ernest Edwin Coffin, Physical Instructor, South Los Angeles Athletic Club

**T**HE human body is unquestionably the highest conception of all creative force in Nature and is more delicately constructed than the most intricate machine. There is nothing more beautiful to look upon than a perfectly developed human body.

Every woman and man should strive to possess a body that is strong, beautiful and radiant with energy. In order to mold the flesh to the lines and proportions that Nature intended, one should study the structure and functions of the body. This knowledge helps us to appreciate the marvelous development of which the body is capable.

"Everyone is the architect of his own fortune," says an old adage. But I would word it differently: "Every woman is the architect of her own body." For the body and mind, working in harmony, are the implements by which one's fortune is produced. And what good is wealth without health?

Where there is life, there must be growth, achievement, expression. And the growth of the body is all from within. Hence true beauty comes from our innermost desire to be better than we ever were before. We should strive to make ourselves as fine all-round physical specimens as is possible for human beings to be.

Many fail to obtain the priceless necklace of health because they do not realize it is a treasure of separate jewels, every one of which must be faithfully earned and carefully guarded.

Health, strength, goodness and beauty are really one. Health and strength are perfection of body—goodness is perfection of character—and true beauty is a combination of the other two. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (a sound mind in a sound body) should be our slogan; and moderation (the silken strand upon which the necklace of health is strung) is our watchword.

In women we do not look for tremendous strength nor the massive muscles of a Hercules. Nor ought we to look for plumpness, for a sluggish brain is invariably the sign of the well-fed



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## A PERFECT PHYSIQUE

but idle woman. On the other hand, the bony, angular or emaciated type is not to be desired. Instead, we are attracted by grace of form and beauty of outline, with those genuine accompaniments of efficient physical training—a lustrous eye, a clear skin, a bright intellect, a happy disposition, and a vivacious manner.



Keystone Photo Service

ERNEST EDWIN COFFIN

The wonderful influence of exercise on women is, strange to say, still indifferently recognized. The prevalent idea is that muscular exercise or great activity of any kind, for a girl or woman, coarsens her. This is a delusion. The effect of proper exercise upon a woman's muscles is not exactly the same as upon those of a man. Regular progressive exercise will *not* make a woman's muscles prominent, but will cause them to grow firm and round and will impart to the figure those graceful contours that all admire.

Exercise reacts on the whole life of the individual. It promotes health and beauty, because it facilitates combustion of food products and the removal of waste matter. It is the *only* method of stimulus that is natural and of permanent benefit. Through exercise and right living you can make yourself over—you can be reborn!

Many seek false jewels—medicines, tonics, fat reducers and a host of other "whatnots." But natural living is the *only* way to build health, strength and beauty.

Pure thoughts, fresh air and sunshine, pure water (inside and out) and simple, wholesome food are the *real* jewels to be strung on the silken strand moderation, which, when complete, will be the priceless necklace of health, strength and beauty.

Sleep, rest and relaxation are other wonderful health builders and beautifiers. They remove shadows, brighten the eyes and erase that drawn, tired look more efficiently than any face cream, lotion or tonic.

Very often that look of distinction which we admire in women (and in men) is largely a matter of correct posture. This posture (head held erect, shoulders back, and abdomen in) gives not only the confidence in yourself, but enables you to wear your clothes perfectly.

One result of correct living is the look of cheerfulness reflected from your inner self. Here we surely have the beauty that comes from within. Those who possess it also have that elusive quality known as charm. And is there any magnetism like that of radiant, exuberant, superb health or a body developed to the acme of perfection?

# IN A LIGHTER VEIN

## Can't be More

"What's the time?" "Just 12."  
"I thought it was more than that."  
"It's never more in these parts. After that it begins at one."—*Stray Stories.*

\* \* \* \*

## Search Us

Just as the annual split in our lip heals up the Government sends out a request for people to turn in all their \$10,000 bills.—*Times.*

\* \* \* \*

## Two Wishes

Next to seeing a ukulele fed to a buzz-saw, the sight we most long for is a saxophone dropped in front of a steam-roller.

\* \* \* \*

## She Said It

Smythe—"Well, there is much to be said on both sides of the question."

Dickson—"That's right—my wife said it."—*Review.*

\* \* \* \*

## Exactly So!

Judging from the ballroom scenes, women these days are the bare necessities of life.

\* \* \* \*

Another version: Lafayette, we are hearing nothing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*



MARCELLE ARNOLD, in "PRETTY LADIES"

## Beautiful Knees

**J**OSE M. VIDAL QUADRAS, who arrived in America recently, is regarded as Spain's foremost portraitist. He has transferred to canvas the likenesses of Spain's most beautiful figures.

"The Spanish girl today has the most beautiful knees in the world," said Senor Quadras. "It is the kneeling for the early morning prayers, the mass, the vespers, the telling of the litany each night that develops the muscles of the Spanish girls' knees."

**T**HERE is doubtless a feeling of resentment in some breasts when you say that the man looking for a job is really looking for help. In recent years we have been reared on a feeling that we have certain "rights" which we ought to "demand." Yes, we have rights, but "demanding" doesn't procure them. Our very rights are given us by the help of others. One of our rights is security of life and liberty—never having lived in a society where men are not sure of either of these, we do not vividly appreciate these rights. But we could not enjoy them were it not for the help of others in preserving them for us.—*Dear-born Independent*.

Wife—"This paper tells of a man who lives on onions alone." Hubby—"Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."—*Grocer*.

He had fallen for her. They were in classes together, but she didn't speak to him. By desperate means he finally met her. They were alone. His dream had come true.

"How's your Math?" she asked.

"Good," he replied. "How's your Anatomy?"

"I think you're horrid!" she exclaimed.—*Lemon Punch*.

Stude: "And how did you receive your wounds?"

Stewed: "Well, you see, I walksh in (hic) where they keep th' el'vator, only it washn't in, and while I wash decidin' (hic) whether to go up and cash it or go down and wait for it, or go without it, the dang (hic) shing came past.—*Mirror*.

## Safety First

"Hullo—Dr. Bunyan? Yes? Come at once, will you? My husband has another of his attacks."

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" said the doctor, half an hour later. "You should not have waited till your husband was unconscious."

"Well," replied the wife, "as long as he had his senses he wouldn't let me send for you."—*Boys' Outfitter*.

"I can't understand the combination to my wife's clothes."

"What puzzles you?"

"Well, when she wants to hide anything she pokes it down her neck, but when she wants to get it again, it's always in her stocking."—*La Vie Parisienne*.

"I saw a man hanging on a half empty keg a while ago about a mile out to sea. He couldn't swim and was nearly drowned."

"Did you have much trouble in making the rescue?"

"A little. I had to hit him over the head with an oar to make him let go, but I finally got the keg aboard."

A man is never so far down that he can't write uplift literature.

Solomon wrote some very clever paragraphs about women, but the 300 wives, the 900 concubines, the 18,000 maid servants and the Queen of Sheba were all too clever to answer in words. They looked at each other and smiled.—*Don Marquis*, in *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

"Mabel, you should know what an apology is. Now if a boy bumped into you in the cloak room what would he do?"

"Please, teacher, he'd grab me and kiss me."

"Mabel, that's not right!"

"I know it ain't right, teacher, but they all do it."—*Ziffs*.

"Do you think that men look down on a girl who wears short skirts?"

"Well, few are able to resist the temptation."—*Ziffs*.



SCENE IN SHUBERT'S "ARTISTS AND MODELS"

## Andre

*When boys are loving where they will  
He loves, while still he may  
A curious crop of sweethearts, my  
Old gardener, Andre.*

*I've seen him straighten on his hoe  
With a long, grumbling sigh,  
To chide the careless cabbages  
For sins of girls gone by.*

*"Clotilde!" he'd say; and "Jeanneton!"  
And then in mock-tirade  
He'd call Clotilde a forward wench  
And little Jane too staid.*

*He does not guess, but I have heard  
Him in the radish row:  
"Attendez, gamins!" and he told  
Each radish how to grow.*

*With carrots, lettuce, he has been  
A comrade without guile,  
And told them boyhood secrets with  
A boy's untroubled smile.*

*But yesterday a red, red rose  
Dropped on the fence, and then  
He pressed it to his lips, and said  
Just "Rose!"—and "Rose!" again.  
—Palms.*

Buick—"Well, the girls won't get out and walk on Charlie any more."

Page—"Why not?"

Buick—"He's bought a boat."

The Flip Kid grabbed the nose of an indignant old gentleman and held it securely between his thumb and forefinger.

"Let go!" thundered the old gentleman as he knocked away the impudent boy's hand. "You young scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"I'm out in the world to make a living for myself," replied the smart alec, "and before I left home my father told me to grab the first thing that turned up."

\* \* \*

First Maid—"How did you like working for that college professor?"

Second Maid—"Aw, it was a rotten job. He was all the time quarreling with his wife, and they kept me busy running between the keyhole and the dictionary."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

\* \* \*

The fellow who is disappointed in love generally lives to be glad of it.

\* \* \*

Two men in a Los Angeles coffee shop were discussing the relationship between "strong drink" and broken homes.

"No, you're quite wrong," said one of them. "It isn't 'drink' that ruins so many homes."

"What is it, then?" queried the other.

"Why, thirst, of course," said the first man.

—*Follies.*

\* \* \*

Home and Love! It's hard to guess

Which of the two were best to gain:

Home without Love is bitterness;

Love without Home is often pain.

No! Each alone will seldom do,

Somehow they travel hand and glove;

If you win one you must have two,

Both home and love.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE.

\* \* \*

Sir Oliver Lodge describes the human eye as a radio receiver. Some of the ladies manage to do a good deal of broadcasting with it, too.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

\* \* \*

Our neighbor's little boy, Georgie, 4, was running hurriedly toward the corner grocery.

Upon inquiring of him as to where he was going in such a great hurry, he replied:

"I'm going to the store to buy six oranges. Muvver is going to make lemonade."—*Nettie La Vena, in N. Y. Daily News.*

\* \* \*

I will live in thy heart, die in they lap and be buried in thy eyes.—*Shakespeare.*

## Wrong Number!

A lady bought some liver at a butcher shop, and on returning home found that through error in wrapping she had received a spoiled piece. She rang up the shop at once and complained of it to the butcher's assistant.

He called to his boss—"There's a lady on the phone with a liver complaint. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her this is the butcher shop," replied the boss, "what she wants is a doctor."—*Ziffs.*

\* \* \*

## Upside Down

Mrs. Brown—"I admire Dr. Young immensely. He is so persevering in the face of difficulties that he always reminds me of Patience sitting on a monument."

Mr. Brown—"Yes; but what I am becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients."

—*People's Journal*

\* \* \*

It sometimes seems as if we worried altogether too much about the welfare of posterity, nearly all of whom probably will have good jobs as Federal inspectors or something or other.—*Ohio State Journal.*

## The Weary Blues

**D**RONING a drowsy syncopated  
tune,  
Rocking back and forth to a mel-  
low croon,

*I heard a negro play*

*Down on Lenox-av the other night  
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas  
light*

*He did a lazy sway . . .*

*He did a lazy sway . . .*

*To the tune o' those Weary Blues.  
With his ebony hands on each ivory key  
He made that poor piano moan with  
melody.*

*O Blues!*

*Thump, thump, thump, went his foot  
on the floor.*

*He played a few chords then sang some  
more—*

*"I got the Weary Blues.*

*And I can't be satisfied.*

*Got the Weary Blues.*

*And can't be satisfied—*

*I ain't happy no mo'  
And I wish that I had died."*

*And far into the night he crooned that  
tune.*

*The stars went out and so did the moon.  
The singer stopped playing and went to  
bed*

*While the Weary Blues echoed through  
his head.*

*He slept like a rock or a man that's  
dead.*

—LANGSTON HUGHES in *Opportunity*.

### Compensation

*So many days, so many weeks.*

*So many months and years:*

*Life is a paucity of smiles,*

*A plenitude of tears.*

*But one sweet golden hour or two,*

*When love bloomed as a rose,*

*Is compensation for the task*

*And crowns the evening's close!*

—M. A. BEER, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

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